

**take my lungs, take  
them and run--  
take my tongue, go  
have some fun**

**orphan\_account**

## take my lungs, take them and run-- take my tongue, go have some fun by orphan\_account

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** F/M, Gay, Gen, Hanahaki Disease, M/M, Multi, Period-  
Typical Homophobia, Slow Burn, agfhghsaksdjkjda, flowers and  
symbolism and stuff, lets see if i have enough motivation to continue  
this :-), possibly?? depends on how patient i am, richie and eddi not  
very present in the beginning, will tag as i go along ;0

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie  
Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie  
Tozier

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2017-11-13

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**Rating:** Not Rated

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 424

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

"There, tainted with his own blood, was a single, long stemmed white rose, complete with thorns and leaves, as if it had been plucked from his neighbor's prizewinning garden his mother was always envious of. But it was as if it had been planted deep within his lungs, scratching the inside of his throat. It was almost as if it was... taunting him, colors reminiscent of someone, or something,

red

and

white."

in other words-- self indulgent & unoriginal hanahaki disease

stenbrough fanfiction. title from body by mother mother

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**Author's Note:**

i know how short this is shhhh. enjoy

The brass handle cabinets were maintained meticulously, products arranged by us and height. The comb, toothbrush and the toothpaste were equally spaced upon the sink counter. The mirror was spic and span, clearly wiped down recently. Everything in the bathroom screamed order and cleanliness. Even the curly haired boy-- his symmetrical collar, the double-knotted shoelaces of his unstained chucks, and bloodstained fingers that were jammed down his throat, body bent over the lip of the porcelain bathtub.

Scarlet drops sprayed everywhere; his coughing and retching noises mixed with the squeak of his soles against the tile floor to create a cacophony of noise. Eyes watering as spots danced across his vision, the boy, with a sharp exhalation through his nose, grasped at the source of his misery, and *yanked*.

Relief swept through his body, loud gasping noises escaping his mouth despite his best attempt to calm his breathing and repress his terror. The last thing he needed was his parents keeping a closer eye on him than they already did. His trembling form sank down to the ground, chest pressed into the tub.

Vigorously rubbing tears out of his tired eyes, he tried to rationalize the events that he had just experienced. It was bizarre to say the least, the events of the week. How did it get there in the first place? Not only that, it was one thing to have something stuck down your throat, but he could have sworn it was expanding, increasingly more suffocating throughout the week.

His eyes fluttered open-- but he immediately regretted it. The acidic concoction of dread, hysteria, and heart-stopping fear pooled into his gut once more.

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rose, complete with thorns and leaves, as if it had been plucked from his neighbor's prizewinning garden his mother was always envious of. But it was as if it had been planted deep within his lungs, scratching the inside of his throat. It was almost as if it was... taunting him, colors reminiscent of someone, or *something*,

red

and

***white .***

His breathing immediately grew panicked, near hyperventilation, as he made a mad dash for the toilet, the taste of iron filling his mouth once again, and heart-clenching fear wrapping a cold, gloved hand around his heart.

Stanley Uris is a 16 year old Jewish boy. He lives in Derry, Maine, with his mother and his father, the rabbi. He is a member of the Losers club. He has roses growing in his lungs, and he is terrified.

#### **Author's Note:**

yikes im just posting this in hopes that itll motivate me to continue it,, i know how short this is its kinda pathetic but also ... eh (ha ha fuck i should be doing my history hw rn) anyways yeah leave any suggestions in the comments im very unmotivated and out of ideas